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Korea

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IF YOU SHOULD VISIT  
EWHHA HAKTANG

Seoul, Korea.



May Day Procession, 1923.



Frey Hall

## IF YOU SHOULD VISIT EWHA HAKTANG

A Demonstration of Work in the

Methodist Episcopal Girls' School, Seoul, Korea.

By Alice R. Appenzeller.

### CHARACTERS

Mr. Harde Heded Bizzyman, on tour in the Orient for his health.

Mrs. Bizzyman, nee Faith Workes, president of Blank Branch, of

The Woman's Foreign Missionary Society.

Hope Bizzyman, their daughter, just out of college.

Missionaries and Korean girls of Ewha Haktang.

SCENE: Ewha Haktang, Seoul, Korea.

TIME: 10 A. M., any school day in the autumn of 1923.

Miss Missionary enters her office, several books and a sheaf of examination papers on her arm, sits down at desk and begins to type.

Servant, Guests to see you, madam.

M. Who are they?

S. Strangers. They don't speak Korean—a gentleman and two ladies.

M. All right, show them in. (Rises as guests enter, and extends her hand.)  
How do you do?

Mrs. Bizzyman. Are you Miss Missionary? I thought so. I saw you once at General Executive. This is my husband, Mr. Bizzyman, and my daughter, Hope. I am pre-ident of the Blank Branch, and I have wanted for years to see this wonderful work that you all are doing.

Mr. Bizzyman. We stopped in at the Consulate to pay our respects to Uncle Sam, and when we asked about mission work the Consul General said this was the best school for girls in Korea, and that he always directed tourists who asked about missions here.

Hope (laughing). Mother was *so* pleased when she heard that her pet charity was really considered respectable in its own city! Weren't you, Mother dear?

Mr. B. I hope you won't mind my saying this, but whenever we hear about missions at home it's always about the needs—everlastingly after money, and sometimes it seems as though that is all there is to it. I thought I'd try to see if there was anything to show for all this money that's been coming out here; I'm from Missouri, you see, and would like to be shown some of the *results*. My wife has always slaved for missions, but to tell the truth, I never have taken much stock in them. This work always seems sort of visionary and far away. The heathen are better off without us, I sometimes think.

Miss M. This is the place for results—everything you see here may be called that, and much more that you can't see I'll try to tell you about. We are especially glad when visitors really want *to know* about the work. Now, shall we go to the Kindergarten first and we can talk on the way? Here is Miss Brownlee, our director.

Mrs. B. I've known Miss Brownlee for a long time. So glad to see you. (Introduces the others). So this is the Edgar Hooper Memorial Kindergarten that the children have been building! Oh, if they could only see these fascinating tots! What a beautiful, sunny room. I didn't know you had a piano—and a victrola.

Miss Brownlee. Yes, they came last winter from friends. This is one of the children's favorite records.

Hope. Why, look at that little fellow galloping off, and those must be the hounds after him. Isn't this fun, Daddy? Who are the older girls in white?

Miss B. They are the Kindergarten Normal students doing their practice teaching. Sometimes there are five or six kindergartens in which they teach, but this year we have only Aogi besides this. The girls study in nice classrooms upstairs. Forty-five graduate kindergartners have gone out from this school and are teaching all over the country. Let us go out to the playground now and see the children there.

Hope. Mother, this color! Magenta, green, red, pink, blue, yellow, purple—and it all seems to blend into the loveliest whole!

Miss M. These swings, the slide and the sandpile are all new within two years.

Mrs. B. I noticed that there seem to be no parks nor playgrounds, nor even open squares in the city. Do the children all have to play over the filthy gutters in those crowded streets?

Miss B. Yes, even well-to-do homes hardly have room enough for play, and the schools furnish about the only place in a city where children can have clean, wholesome fun.

Mr. B. Well, these kids look as if they appreciated it! Look at that little fellow on the slide. I'd like to get his picture.

Mrs. B. Does this work reach into the homes?

Miss B. Yes, indeed. There are mothers' meetings every month, and the teachers call in the homes. But the greatest influence is that which the kiddies themselves take home in the things they have learned and the songs they sing. There are many cases of these little children leading their families into the Christian life.

Miss M. We must go on to the other buildings now, though it is hard to leave the kindergarten. Now, this is the Common and Higher Common School, where we have over 500 students in ten grades. These swings, teeters and the slide are brand new. The Common School Parents' Association, a new organization this year, and other Korean friends gave them. This is one of the primary classes having play hour. It's pathetic to see little children from the streets come sneaking in for a swing.

Mrs. B. So this is Simpson Hall. It looks quite new. I thought it was several years old.

Miss M. It was built in 1915, but the large addition which makes a T of the building is just finished. Fresh paint helps a lot, you know.

Mr. B. You have a high smoke stack here.

Miss M. Yes, that's the central heating plant we're so proud of. When we have a fire it keeps the three large buildings warm.

Mr. B. What do you mean, "When we have a fire"?

Miss M. Oh, coal cost so much here that we have to economize by letting



Primary Girls on the Slide

the fire go down for three or four hours in the middle of the day.

Hope. Doesn't it get cold? How do you stand it?

Miss M. It is as cold here as in the central part of the United States, and because construction here is not as good as at home, especially in Main Hall, the rooms are like out-of-doors an hour after the steam leaves the pipes. Some of us are husky and don't mind cold so much, but our Ewha health record is not good, and some of the breakdowns are directly traceable to the workers' not being able to keep warm.

Mr. B. Well I don't call *that* economy—I call that wickel waste of high-priced, specialized, precious life. Are you going to have to freeze this winter, too, with this fine heating system here?

Mis: M. Unless we get the appropriation asked for there isn't any money to pay for more than half the fuel that we ought to have.

Mrs. B. Well, I'm sure our women in their warm homes never intend that



the missionaries shall suffer from cold.

Hope. I suppose the idea that all mission countries are hot makes your story hard to believe. I wonder why that silly idea persists.

Miss M. I hope you'll help put it out of peoples' heads, for from November to April we are *cold* in Korea. Now let's look into the classrooms.

Mrs. B. Every room full. What bright faces the kiddies have! Who are the teachers?

Miss M. Most of the women are graduates of our own school, but some are from the government normal school. We have a staff of about thirty teachers and missionaries, including five Japanese teachers.

Hope. How are the government educational requirements for teachers? Are they pretty strict?

Miss M. Yes, and the requirement that we shall employ a certain proportion who have proper diplomas is hard on us, because not only are good teachers rare, but we employ only Christians. If we could send some of our own graduates to the Higher Normal in Japan, that would be the best. We are asking for scholarships for this at \$200 apiece.

Mrs. B. Well, these girls look very nice, and seem to manage their classes well.

Miss M. They are dear, faithful workers, and the very backbone of our work. We couldn't possibly carry on this institution without them. Besides their actual teaching hours, they take charge of the dormitory and help in all the activities of the school—the Literary and Missionary Societies, music, athletics, church and community work. One of our missionaries recently said that she would as soon have an Ewha college graduate as a missionary in her school. The trouble is there are so few of either. All the country schools need them, but the teacher factory is slow, and the demand enormous. Here is Miss

Morris. May I present our Home Economics specialist who practically brought this laboratory with her when she came to Korea? All this is brand new, and Miss Morris is just ready to develop the department.

Hope. What a shining laboratory and what fun the girls are having! A gas plate and individual equipment for every girl—and aren't these brass dishes and queer little bowls and things fascinating? I noticed this sort of thing in the shops.

Miss Morris. Yes, we try to use native things that the girls can get for their own homes.

Mr. B. Do they have an opportunity to use this sort of thing? I noticed the poor little hovels as we came through on the train. Do your students come from such homes? Doesn't this spoil them for such living?

Miss Morris. We hope so! Our girls come from all classes, and in their homes the mothers generally have no knowledge of hygiene or sanitation. They have never had a chance to learn the things that their daughters are learning—how to cook nourishing, appetizing food in a convenient, economical way, and how to make real homes. I wish you could see some of our Ewha homes, *real* homes, where the husband and wife love and respect each other, the children are kept clean and comfortably dressed, and the rooms are light and airy. There is all the difference in the world between these homes and the houses where Christian light has not come.

Mrs. B. Certainly this is one of the most needed and most beneficial results of this school. Are there many of these new homes?

Miss Morris. More and more all the time. One of the sweetest little homes in the country is in Songdo, where our Blanche Kim, a girl who received all her education in Ewha, is now Mrs. Lim.

Mrs. B. Is she the one who asked for music? Don't you remember, Hope,



I gathered up some of your old pieces and exercise books last spring and sent them to her?

Miss Morris. Yes, she's the one. Her husband is a Southern Methodist pastor there. When she was married people wondered what kind of housekeeper she'd make; but she learned enough at Eva's even before we had this department to be a famous cook and her house is spotless. The Songdo missionaries are crazy about her. One of them told me she didn't see how Mrs. Lim *could* be nicer! Yet she is not an unusual girl, just one of thousands who can do as well, if they get the chance.

Mr. B. You win! I'm for this Home Economics work and you can depend on me.

Miss Morris. We appreciate that. I'll go up to the sewing laboratory with you now. Here we are. In Higher Common School the girls have four hours of sewing a week.

Mrs. B. What exquisite embroidery! All on such lovely colors, too.

Miss Morris. Needlework is considered a very important part of a Korean girl's education. The poorer girls sell what they make in class.

Mrs. B. I'd like to look at some of the things they make. I'm picking up souvenirs to take to my Auxiliary at home.

Miss Missionary. Now this is the science laboratory. Last fall the students gave Hiawatha in English, and with that and May Day they made over \$1000, which was used largely to equip this laboratory. We were far below government requirements in this line, but command more respect from officials now.

Mr. B. So all this is new? What did you have to work with before? It must have been pretty hard going.

Miss M. It was, but educational standards are higher now than they were before and it was a question of meeting these needs or stopping.

Hope. What physical education do you have? Isn't that much needed here?

Miss M. We are being severely criticised just now because we have no physical director. Don't you know someone who would come here for that work?

Hope. I don't think of anyone just now, but I'll certainly remember it. What a wonderful place in which to work out one's ideas!

Miss M. Absolutely an untouched field, and a tremendously important one. Now we'll go to Music Hall, the last of the old Sontag Hotel buildings.

Mrs. B. Sontag? That name got to be a regular bugbear—it seemed as if the payments on it would never be finished!

Miss M. We have dropped the name, but the results of all that hard work are here. All these pianos and organs used to go at once all over the other buildings, till it seemed sometimes as if one would go crazy with the racket.

Mr. B. I should think so! Bad enough here, isn't it? How many are there? Now here's where I score a point. I'd like to ask what is the good of Korean girls learning to play the piano? I should think that would be one thing that could be left out.

Miss M. Eleven organs and two pianos and this is one of the six chorus classes taught here now. Miss Young, I'd like you to meet these friends. Tell them what your work is good for.

Miss Y. We have 208 girls on the waiting list for music lessons, and are teaching 107 now. The Koreans are very musical, and that taste that God has given them longs to find expression. Every school that needs a teacher adds, "We want some one who can play." Forty of our older students go out to sixteen of the churches of this district every Sunday to teach Sunday school and they are the only persons in those little churches who can lead the music. Music is such a large part of Christian worship that when the girls can lead

in that they are making an added contribution. Oh, here is Miss Alice Kim, (Introduction).

Mrs. B. Are you the Miss Kim who has been in Portland, Oregon, this past year? I've heard of your music through some friends. Wasn't it about you that I read, too, some harrowing tale about your health having been ruined by bad dormitory conditions at Ewha?

Miss Kim. I'm all right now, thanks to two years of care in America. We old girls did have to go through a good deal for our education. I graduated in 1914, in the first college class, and then took music in Japan, and was ill for several years. But all that is over now, and no girls have to suffer what we did any more, thanks to you good friends. We used to sleep on the cold floors, but our missionary friends begged beds for us from everyone they knew, and now the girls are not cold at night. I've just got back, and this seems like a glorified Ewha, with all the good things left and most of the bad ones gone.

Hope. What is your work here?

Miss K. I'm teaching piano, playing the pipe organ at church, and helping prepare some material for teacher training. Miss Young and I are the only trained music teachers for all these girls, and there is lots to do in this department. Although it is so poor, this is the best music school in Korea and our work is known all over the country. If we had the instruments and money to train more teachers we could do a tremendous work here.

Hope. Well, Daddy, you seem to be beaten on every side!

Mr. B. (laughing). Haven't a leg left to stand on! Faith, you're right, as usual. I guess Korean girls make better use of music than many of our girls do, and there just ought to be more who get the chance.

Miss Missionary. Now the best is at the last. This is Frey Hall, *brand*

*new*, the dream of the years, the first college building for the first woman's college in Korea.

Mrs. B. I remember Miss Frey so well, as she used to plead for her girls. Isn't it sad that this building couldn't have been given when she was here?

Miss M. Yes, we had only Main and Simpson Halls and the old Sontag then—no kindergarten, no music hall, just classrooms for seven classes in Simpson, no laboratories, no library, no playground equipment, no tennis. The old Sontag was falling down on our heads, and in its clammy dark rooms the girls had to live. All this has come within two years, and as we have watched it grow, we remember Miss Frey whose vision inspired it all, and who, though denied entrance to the promised land, saw it afar and was glad.

Mr. B. Well, this is the sunniest, most comfortable building I have seen yet. Who is your architect? Must be a pretty good one.

Miss M. She is. It's Miss Pye, our science teacher, now at home on leave. We have our own builder, too, Miss Walter, who stood over the workmen and saw that everything was as right as it could be.

Hope. What girls use this building?

Miss M. The College, College Preparatory and Kindergarten Normal departments. These classrooms are just temporary, for this is primarily a dormitory, and will be needed for that before long. This library was furnished by the alumnae in memory of Miss Frey. The social hall is the gift of her own class at Ohio Wesleyan University. This beautiful infirmary is a memorial to little Gladys Lomprey, whose mother was a missionary for some years in Korea.

Mrs. B. What a pleasant dining room, and the tables so daintily set with blue dishes and copper.

Miss M. This is native ware, and the most economical and prettiest we could get. We call this whole building our Home Economics laboratory, for

here the girls learn to live in the way we hope they will try to when they go to their homes. Miss Church and Miss Conrow are a constant inspiration to these girls to keep their new home beautiful. Here is Miss Church now, and her English class seems to be just out. Miss Church, these are friends from America, and (smiling at Mr. B.) Mr. Bizzyman would like to know what good it does Korean girls to learn English!

Miss Church. I love to answer that question, I'm so used to it! English opens the world, especially Christian thought, to a Korean girl. The girls are reading more and more. Our library is pretty small, but friends are beginning to send us good books. These empty shelves are waiting for good standard books. The classics read in American high schools are about what the girls can read, and we have almost no good reference works. You see, there is so little worthy literature here, except the difficult Chinese classics, and English is the medium through which more and more teaching is being done in the Orient. At the Chosen Christian College and Severance Medical College, work was begun in Japanese and Korean, but more of it is being given in English now. Besides, we send girls straight from Ewha to advanced standing in American colleges now.

Hope. I think I met one, Helen Kim, at Eaglesmere Conference last summer. She was one of the real spiritual forces there.

Miss C. Yes, they have much to give us, as well as much to learn.

Mr. B. Thank you, Miss Church. I guess you folks must get pretty tired of answering the same old questions, but they are new to us, you know. Here's another: how much did this building cost?

Miss M. It cost \$50,000, without the furnishings, and you see many rooms are still bare.

Hope. Why, they're driving for millions in colleges at home!

Mr. B. You've certainly done a lot with that money. What about furnish-

ing those empty rooms?

Miss M. Most of the furniture and all the beds came as special gifts. Anyone can have a room for \$ 75, which buys the four beds, four chairs, a wardrobe and a table. Quite cheap, don't you think so?

Mr. B. I should say so! I guess we'll have to see what we can do, eh, Faith?

Mrs. B. (beaming). I've been thinking what a joy it would be to leave some souvenir of our visit. I must certainly remember these rooms when I see our women at home. We sent some beds, and I know we can help with the furniture.

Miss M. It's chapel time now, and I want you to peep in. This is Main Hall again, about twenty-five years old. The offices and reception rooms used to be full of classes. Today the elder girls from Higher Common School up are having chapel, and tomorrow the primary children will fill the room. There're over six hundred in school, so we can't meet together. Besides, this hall isn't safe for so many.

Mr. B. How's that? Twenty-five years isn't long for a building.

Miss M. No, not in America. But this was built by a Korean carpenter who had not had experience in foreign building, and the missionary who superintended the work did her best, but there were bad mistakes made, and now the experts tell us that the foundations are going, and that is why some of the floors slant so.

Hope. This one makes me feel fairly seasick! It looks like the deck of the ship we came out on.

Miss M. We're just hoping it'll stand as long as we need it, and we're thankful that we do not live in a land of earthquakes. At least the ground seems solid beneath us.



Mrs. B. What Bible work have you?

Miss M. Every girl in school gets religious instruction every day. Most of the teachers take classes, but there is no real department and no leader for it. That is one of the needs that we feel most keenly.

Mrs. B. Just hear those girls sing! Why, it's "Jesus Cal's Us O'er the Tumult"!

Miss M. Just step in and watch them a bit, won't you? I always like to look at their faces.

Hope. Some difference from the wooden look so many of the women have on the streets! (All enter the chapel.)

Miss M. (whispering to Mrs. B.) Won't you say a word to the girls now?

Mrs. B. Just a little greeting from the women at home who love them so. Oh, if they could all be here now! (Says a few appropriate words.)

Miss M. Now we'll go downstairs where Miss Morris will show you some of the things the girls make. (Exhibition of Korean rag dolls, thimbles, embroideries, etc. The women exclaim, admire and purchase. Mr. B. looks bored. College girl enters.)

Miss M. Come in Kathryn, I want you to meet these friends. Miss Kim is the president of our Missionary Society.

Mrs. B. I saw a Standard Bearer pennant in one of the rooms. What work is your society doing?

Kathryn. We send \$10 a month to Isabella Thoburn College to help three Indian girls. Miss Pye sent us their picture when she was there last year. Then at Christmas time we sent a big box to Manchuria and another to the Russian refugees here. The girls feed two iron pigs \$7 a month to support two lepers in the south.

Mrs. B. Quite an active society, I should think.

Kathryn. We give \$17.50 a month to the First Church here, which is our home church while we are in school.

Miss M. I must tell you what some of the girls did last summer. They are getting the idea of service more and more on their hearts, and they never let a vacation go by without trying to do something useful. One girl, for instance, taught school all alone in a remote country village for two months, teaching the children by day and the women by night, sometimes from eight in the morning till midnight. They were so eager to learn that they just clung to her, and she, like her Master, had no time for rest. They were so grateful and begged her to stay on, but she had to come back to school. As one summer vacation's work 64 of our students taught 1845 children and women who had no other chance to go to school.

Mr. B. Well, that's the real thing, sure 'nuf! While the women are buying the stuff I'll just give you a little something to show my appreciation of the truest, liveliest work I've seen for a long time. It's been a real inspiration to see it, and I won't forget you, believe me. Won't I have something to say to that man at the hotel who said missions were all a fake? Guess I'll try to get him to come round and see for himself.

Hope. This certainly has opened my eyes. I always rather smiled at Mother's enthusiasm. I didn't dream Ewha and Korea were so beautiful, and, to tell the truth, I didn't suppose either the missionaries or the Koreans would be so human. Why, you're just like *anybody* who is trying to serve *anywhere*!

Mrs. B. No, not *just* the same. This is a bit of the golden field where the sickles are busy—but beyond I can see the millions who have no chance. God bless you, my dears! I'll never be discouraged about this work again. It is His own and He must bless it.

*N. B. This is entirely true to fact except that very few of our visitors make contributions here.*



Miss Alice Kim.

